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Shelley's Lyrics of Nature.

PRIZE ESSAY, BY G. M. HAEPER, '84, PA.

MR. ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE has published, in the April and May numbers of *The Nineteenth Century*, a long essay, entitled, "Wordsworth and Byron." One who is totally unacquainted with Mr. Swinburne's methods of criticism will, on reading this, his latest production, probably ask himself the homely but suggestive question: What is he driving at? Certainly his article is no critical exposition of either Wordsworth or Byron. It seems more like an angry, injudicious and scattering tirade of abuse against something or somebody. A very slight acquaintance with the aspirations and theories of the school to which Swinburne, the poet, belongs, will throw sufficient light on the lucubrations of Swinburne, the essayist, to enable a man of ordinary shrewdness to understand the motives and to comprehend the manners of the article mentioned. Swinburne really cares little for the poetry of either Wordsworth or Byron; and, in fact, says little of any account about their poetry. What he does desire is the

humiliation of the school of critics whom he aptly terms "the ethical critics," and the consequent exaltation of the school in which he would fain be a shining light and master—"the æsthetical critics." The great poet of the ethical critics is Wordsworth; of the æsthetical critics, Shelley. And so the outcome of this mass of elegant vituperation is a plea in behalf of Shelley as "the greatest English poet since Milton, or, possibly, since Shakespeare." After making the modest claim that he intends to handle his theme—if, by a stretch of courtesy, his tumultuous subject-matter may be called a theme,—“in a spirit of subdued moderation,” he launches forth such a torrent of malignant and extravagant rhapsody as has seldom been witnessed in the pages of that staid and dignified review. Sifting the criticism out of the curses, we find that he rests his plea for Shelley on his excellence as a lyric poet. Considerable attention has been drawn to this subject of late, one of the best results being Prof. Shairp's lecture on "Shelley as a Lyric Poet." It is needless to say that Prof. Shairp, as a Wordsworthian, takes a rather low view of Shelley's claims, and that, as a man of moderation and good sense, he states his opinions without any unnecessary raving and shedding of blood.

Let us, to keep up with the times, if only at a distance, consider independently Shelley's claims as a lyric poet. To this end, it is best to confine our attention to the lyrics of nature which he wrote when he was in the heyday of his creative vigor; that is, in the year 1820 and thereabouts. During this period of about two years he produced his most characteristic poetry, and that which the voice of popularity has recognized and approved as his most enduring contribution to our literature. It is this poetry which I would discuss,—the poetry which has for its subject and inspiration the features and workings of nature, no longer considered as mere objects of perception, but as if they were parts of one great whole, in which the poet himself is also a part.

As in his earlier writings we find Shelley treating of affairs external to himself, the wrongs and abuses and imperfections of human life, so now, when all hope of reforming human life has been crushed, we find him turning for sympathy to the changeless, relentless, faultless elements of the physical world, to the sublime in nature. With the strength and courage of a man who has at last found the work his hands were made to do, Shelley began that splendid series of which the "Ode to the West Wind" is the first. Following this, and all within less than two years, are "Prometheus Unbound," "The Sensitive Plant," "The Cloud," "To a Skylark," and "The Witch of Atlas," besides many less important poems of a similar nature.

If, as some critics maintain, Shelley is the most poetic of all poets, the one in whom the poetic temperament shows itself at its greatest intensity and in its most unalloyed pureness, here, if anywhere, is found the justification of such an opinion. One of the highest and most peculiar marks of true poetry is the blending of subject with object, of the poet's nature with that about which he writes. In eloquence, it would be termed earnestness or sympathy; in morality, such a trait would be holiness; in poetry, the man is even more utterly absorbed in the object of his meditation, and the characteristic is termed imagination. Bagehot calls attention to the fact that although the ornamentation of these lyrics,—their accessory beauties, their flashing metaphors and suggestive allusions, are more properly the work of the fancy; yet, in every case, the essential idea, the inner and primal conception, is the product of the imagination. Shelley's imagination, if it did not have a permanent grasp upon the conceptions which flashed across it with meteoric suddenness and vividness, was wonderfully fertile in poetic ideas. Poetic sensibility he had to an unparalleled degree. We may refuse to credit him with the highest poetic power, for he was invariably too weak to hold his impressions for any adequate length of time, and was often far from perfect in his mode of communicating

his feelings to others. When he wrote during the divine visitation, when he caught the happy moment as it fled, he wrote lines and stanzas of which the only criticism can be a wondering eulogy. But when imagination fails, when the lightning flash vanishes, his thought and his verse sink to a dead level of monotony, relieved only by the fitful sparks of his fancy. As Bagehot says, "The very same isolation and suddenness of impulse which rendered him unfit for the composition of great works, rendered him peculiarly fit to pour forth on a sudden the intense essence of peculiar feeling 'in profuse strains of unpremeditated art.'"

In almost every case the impulse prompting the poem, the burden of the inspiration, is the poet's apprehension of some natural phenomenon, in all its loveliness, as in the "Skylark," or in all its grandeur, as in the "Ode to the West Wind," and his desire to be like it, to become one with what he loves. Prof. Shairp points out as a defect that Shelley's communion with nature never rises to satisfaction, but remains ever a burning desire for deeper love and more complete absorption. Wordsworth, at times, soars so completely into the upper atmosphere that he appears enraptured and content, and, in so far, he would seem to rise higher than Shelley, if we did not remember that Shelley's aspirations were only made fiercer by being gratified, and that it was therefore impossible for him to be content with any degree of satisfaction. How far these aspirations may be looked upon as tendencies to worship nature would be hard to say, for Shelley's character was anything but reverent; and it would be more in keeping for him to call nature a part of himself, or himself a part of nature, than to bow his lofty spirit in any sort of adoration. Yet I think that there are in these poems traces of something more than a fellow-feeling—traces of awe, and, perhaps, of the worship which awe compels.

In lyric poetry, more than in any other form of literature, do we see the essence of human life,—the essence of the poet's life. John Stuart Mill declares that "great poets are

often proverbially ignorant of life. What they know has come by observation of themselves: they have found within them one highly delicate and sensitive specimen of human nature, on which the laws of emotion are written in large characters, such as can be read off without much study." Now, although I feel very certain that great poets can least afford to be ignorant of life, I am willing to admit that, for certain kinds of lyric poetry, it is more necessary that the poet should know himself than that he should know mankind. With this understanding there cannot be the slightest doubt that such poems as the "Ode to the West Wind," especially in its last two stanzas, are lyrics of the very highest order. For, after all has been said about Shelley's apprehension of nature in these poems, the ever-present personality of Shelley himself is more prominent; and one would rather say that we here see Shelley's apprehension of himself as affected by nature.

In a lyric, more than in any other kind of poem, the verification plays an important part. Mr. Arnold has somewhere remarked that Shelley had but an imperfect command over words considered as the elements of language, but that, judging from his poems, he would have been more successful as a musician than as a poet. The test of the musical quality of verse certainly must be to read it aloud. It may please the eye and the mind when read silently, but such reading by no means discovers or determines its peculiarities of pitch and tone. Judged by this standard, it seems to me that Shelley's lyrics fall far short of musical perfection. They are difficult to read aloud. In this respect they compare unfavorably with Wordsworth's finest odes and songs, and with the unutterable sweetness and sonorous complexity of Keats' wonderful symphonies. In this connection Bagehot remarks, making the same comparison, "We can hear that the poetry of Keats is a rich, composite, voluptuous harmony; that of Shelley a clear, single ring of penetrating melody." He attributes this difference to the fact, as he

maintains, that Shelley's poetry is like that of the ancient classics—clear, simple, almost wholly unadorned—while that of Keats, in common with that of Shakespeare and nearly all modern poets, is ornate, complex, ramified. He likens the one kind to Greek architecture, the other to Gothic. But when we consider the last of the "Stanzas Written in Dejection, near Naples," and a hundred other passages of equal complexity, not to say confusion, is it not an easier matter to adopt, instead of this fanciful theory, the simpler explanation that Shelley was not like Shakespeare and Milton and Keats, a master of word-music? However, Mr. Symonds, not, by the way, the most discriminating of critics, says that in some of his lyrics Shelley "realized the miracle of making words, detached from meaning, the substance of a new ethereal music," upon which startling announcement Prof. Shairp remarks, "This is, to say the least, a dangerous miracle to practice."

Be all this as it may, no one will deny the charm and magic of this body of verse. There is a liquid melody running through it all, which we may call thin, but which is, nevertheless, very sweet. There is also a wildness of flavor that is delicious, a dash and energy which are overwhelming, and a pensive sadness which is inexpressibly tender and pathetic.

It is remarkable that nearly every one of these songs, beginning so triumphantly, should end in a tone of deep and bitter despair, in a wail of fierce defiance or consuming melancholy. It is probable that the first burst of enthusiasm incident upon the imagination's conception of a new and powerful idea was sufficient to carry the process of composition in the joyous strain only a little way, and that then, by the reaction of the flagging energies, the old despair and grief were made more deep than usual. The "Skylark," opening like a pæan with,

"Hail to thee, blithe spirit,"

has, near its end, such a stanza as this :

" We look before and after,
And pine for what is not:
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought."

The "Ode to the West Wind," beginning triumphantly,

"O, wild West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being!"

sinks to such profound depths as issue forth the cry,

"Oh! lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud!
I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed!
A heavy weight of years has chained and bowed
One, too, like thee: tameless, and swift, and proud."

In "The Sensitive Plant," the tone throughout, although ostensibly light and sportive, is one of sadness. On beginning it, one is oppressed with the sense that a tragedy is bound to ensue, and, as each part succeeds its predecessor, the gloom falls thicker and the sky darkens, so that when the plaintive end comes at last, we are half accustomed and half reconciled to its woe, "too deep for tears."

As to the relative merit of these nature lyrics, most critics agree that the "Skylark" and the "West Wind" are the greatest, although the judgment of the Shelleyites, not to be out of keeping with their usual eccentricity and love of paradox, would possibly decide in favor of "The Witch of Atlas," in preference to either. This poem has all the qualities of vagueness, intangibility, complexity and utter lack of purpose, which they affect to admire.

I have purposely avoided extended reference to "Prometheus Unbound." It is a great poem; it is acknowledged to be the greatest *long* lyric in our language. But what does this mean? It means that, in proportion to its length, its failure as a whole, as a rounded, finished poem, is all the more complete, or else that it is the most astounding miracle in any literature. I say its failure as a *whole*, for I do not wish to be eccentric myself by denying, in the face of all

criticism, that its parts are, many of them, superbly beautiful and thoroughly successful. Mr. Symonds summarily disposes of any adverse criticism by declaring that "A genuine liking for 'Prometheus Unbound' may be reckoned the touch-stone of a man's capacity for understanding lyric poetry." Without denying that this great and deservedly-famous string of lyrics has a kind of sense which may be too ethereal for ordinary comprehension, I must confess to a secret and lingering fondness for common sense and intelligibility, even in lyric poetry. Mr. Symonds may go wild over "Prometheus Unbound," but for myself, although I do not wish to offer any other criticism, I must humbly acknowledge that my enjoyment of a poem depends somewhat on my understanding it. And to understand a lyric poem should not be as difficult as the solution of a mathematical problem in the fourth dimension. Prof. Shairp, who, more than is usual with critics, inclines purposely to look at literature from the standpoint of the average reader, after showing that "Prometheus Unbound" is "a congeries of lyrics," rather than "a great lyrical poem," says, in regard to the two specimens which he selects as the best, "Perfect as is the workmanship of those lyrics in 'Prometheus Unbound,' and of many another, their excellence is lessened by the material out of which they are woven being fantastic, not substantial truth. Few of them lay hold of real sentiments which are catholic to humanity. They do not deal with permanent emotions, which belong to all men, and are for all time, but appeal rather to minds in a particular stage of culture, and that not a healthy stage. They are not of such stuff as life is made of. They will not interest all healthy and truthful minds in all stages of culture, and in all ages. To do this, however, is, I believe, a note of the highest order of lyric poem."

This is strong language. It comes from one of the most outspoken of the "ethical critics." But I could wish no more authoritative vindication of my position that "Prometheus

theus Unbound" is not an astounding miracle after all. Nor could a more point blank answer to Mr. Symonds' charge of incapacity be desired.

On the whole, then, our examination of these poems, superficial and inadequate though it may have been, has led us away from the estimate of such ardent admirers as Swinburne; has led us, in fact, to think of Shelley as occupying a place considerably below Shakespeare and Milton, after all.

An Order.

FIND me a sky of softest grey,
Tinge it with golden light,
Mingle the glare of brightest day
With the shade of approaching night.

Bring me the green of Spring-time leaves,
Blend them with russet brown,
Mixing the velvety ash of bark
With the umber of swany down.

Choose me a bank whose gentle curves
Slope to a bubbling stream,
Bathing in crystal beds of moss,
Where the fairy-folk frolic and dream.

Search me the violet's liquid blue,
Rivalling mountain lake,
Which on its bosom calm and true
For the sky would a mirror make.

Let a soft ray of sunny light
Break through a broken limb,
Showering its gold on buttercups,
As the gifts from a sovereign king.

Paint me a picture of such design,
Call it a glimpse of Spring,
Decking the earth in such array
As the beauties of nature bring.

—M. B.

The Quick and the Dead.

"YOU needn't be 'fraid ob dis chile, Misses Houck; I's trab'l'd dat old road too ofen to git los' in de worst ob storms. Jes' let me take anuder swaller ob dat ole wine; it'll kind ob heat me up, yur know, en' my ole bones wan't mind de cole. Shoo! guess ole Sarah sorter had 'sperience w'en Sam en' her used trab'l home from dem pray'r meet'n's down in de holla da. Lor' mighty, Misses Houck," Sarah sipped a little more wine, "what po'ful spirit de Lor' show'd down da. Dat was de winter ole Sam en' me done got married. Poor ole Sam! I 'spect he's war no winters ain't now. No snow up da, Misses Houck. No gett'n' cole en' freez'n' yo' feets. My poor old Sam!"

Thus old Sarah chattered on, half soliloquizing, half dreaming, as she drained the glass of home-made wine, before venturing out in the wintry cold. This kindly-faced old colored woman was indispensable to all the housewives within a radius of ten miles in a little country district known as Yankee Hill. All the funerals, all the weddings, all the births, for the past half century had come under her supervision, and now she had been presiding over a mysterious accumulation of cakes and pastries which were undergoing preparation for the Christmas festivities, when three generations of larger and smaller Houcks would assemble to devour them.

"Tooby sho', I's like to stay all night, but I's promised de chil'ern to hang up der stockin's to-night, en' I know de honies would bus' loose wis dis'pintment ef I shouldn't be da."

Sarah's home, a cosy little house standing sheer out from under a wood of pines, looking desolate enough with their dense, green limbs bending earthward under a burden of snow and ice, was distant from the Houcks somewhat more than a mile. In spite of the repeated invitations to stay all

night and not to venture out in the blinding snow that was rapidly falling, Sarah could not be persuaded from undertaking the walk home.

"Good-night, Misses Houck, I's be back early in de mornin', ef de Lord am willin'," said the old woman, stepping out into the deep drifts blown about the door. Far as the eye could reach over the hilly country every field and road and fence was buried from sight. The flakes of white snow fell thickly out of a leaden-colored sky, dimly lighted with hazy neutral tints nearer the horizon, where the dense clouds closely veiled the reflected rays of the setting sun. A cutting north wind had already commenced to sweep the light, harmless flakes into little eddies, gradually growing higher and higher into impassable drifts. At first old Sarah walked firmly on, and scorned these blasts flinging handfuls of shining snow against her white hood and whiter hair; but the walking became more difficult and toilsome, until her old bones began to ache with weariness and cold.

"Can't be's I's los' de paf," muttered the old lady to herself, as she tried to peer through the gathering darkness. The snow, falling faster, bewildered her, for she had forsaken the road, and was unconsciously wandering about the field in a circle. How prettily the flakes danced before her eyes, how musically the boisterous winds sounded in her ears, how warm and comfortable felt her cold body. Overcome with sleep and exhaustion, she sunk down upon the snow, murmuring, "Chil'ern, I's goin' to take a nap. Stir up de fire, honies, and call me early, fo' I mus' hang de stockin's up."

Yes, the children had stirred the fire, for they were expecting Granny Sarah, and, from time to time, little black noses were flattened against the cold window-panes, as they tried to discover, through the darkness, her stooping form. But no Sarah appeared. The children were reluctantly sent to bed.

Sarah's son, Joe, with two friends, took a lantern and started out to meet his mother. Passing through the field lying between the house and the road, the light of their lantern fell upon something dark, fluttering in the wind. This told the story.

They gently brushed back the cold snow which had drifted in soft, almost loving curves about the bent form, and there lay the dear old face, smiling in her last words, "I mus' hang de stockin's up." The stiffened body was carefully lifted up by them, and borne to the house. "Mudder's gone to de long home now," said Joe to his wife, who had heard their return and hastened to the door.

The body was placed on a table by the fire, in order to thaw out the frost and "make it perthentable fo' de nabors." The room was dimly lighted, and the mourners sat silently watching for any change. It was not the cheerfulest kind of work. The night was dark outside; the wind whistled through the pines behind the house, and moaned about the door; the flying snow passed across the window like hands of ghosts, and the fire snapped and crackled as if full of demons. On the table lay the body of the old black woman, and about the room sat the silent watchers, equally dulled with sleep and sorrow. Suddenly, an unusual blast, thundering against the door and shaking the whole house, caused all to start with terror, when, behold! they seemed to see the uplifted frozen arm of the corpse move like a flash. Did it actually stir, or was it the jar that caused that short, rapid gliding through the air, as if death itself had beckoned to them? Look! Down, down, gradually sinks the stiffened arm, and the whole body quivers as if the spirit were re-entering it. The head begins slowly to raise itself, and the small, rolling black eyes glisten with a supernatural light, as they stare on the trembling watchers. The mouth begins to gap and chatter in its attempts to speak. Oh, horrors! what a spectacle! The mourners sat paralyzed with fear, their eyes riveted on the awful sight before them. They

cannot utter a single word, but only tremble and continue their wild gaze at the body, until Joe, breaking the silence, jumps to his feet and yells:

"Lord of mercy! de debil has come in de ole woman; I sees him lookin' from her eyes. Goodness knows, we ain't fit fo' de day ob judgment. Down on yo' knees da, en' pray to de Lord ez you neber prayed befo'."

Simultaneously all, faint with fear, dropped to their knees, glad to hide their faces from the awful sight.

Still the figure on the table could be heard moving, as it tried to gain an upright position, and the more noise it made in its efforts, the louder Joe implored the company to pray.

"Shout! shout fo' de Lord, fo' I hear the debil comin'," cried Joe, as he heard the body behind him getting down from the table and stepping across the floor. When the corpse touched him on the shoulдор, he uttered a piercing shriek, and fell at full length, still yelling, "De debil's got me; he's got me! Oh, Lord have mercy on me!"

The ghostly being glided from one prostrate figure to another, vainly trying to attract attention by tapping them on the shoulder, but not one dared to look back, lest he should be instantly struck with death. At each touch of the cold hand a yell of agony rang through the house, loud enough to raise the roof, and followed by hideous, heart-rending groans.

It chanced that a passer-by on the road heard these fearful sounds, and turned in to the house to seek their cause. On pushing open the door, he beheld six long black figures stretched at length on the wooden floor, and the old woman, ringing her hands and apparently gabbling to herself, rapidly slapping first one, then the other, of these sprawling persons, which act was followed by shrieks and groans. As soon as old Sarah saw him, she appealed for help. "I's guess dey's all done gone crazy, fo' de mo' I's talk, de louder dey yell," she said, wiping her old face, shiny with her exertions.

"Ain't she dead?" moaned Joe, venturing to dart a glance behind, which encouraged him to rise, when he saw his mother talking with the neighbor. "Lors, mudder, we brought you in from de snow all froz', en' put you on de table to melt," he sobbed.

"Well, well, honey," laughed the old woman, "I knowed I wuz drinken' too much of Misses Houck's wine. No, dis old chile ain't gone to de Lord yet."

The Test of Universality.

THE most serious objection ever urged to *à priori* principles in the human mind is aimed at the test of universality. This objection is that men are not everywhere agreed upon these principles, that in different countries, and by different individuals, different truths are called intuitive, and even the number of these truths has never been determined. Particularly is this the case in the moral sphere. Actions condemned as vicious in one community are commended as virtuous in another. Where, then, is the fact of intuition, and what has become of the tests of necessity and universality? This objection is urged by Hume against all theistic proof. Theists claim a universal belief in God. Why, then, have they attempted to refute atheists? He says: "The knight-errants who wandered about to clear the world of dragons and of giants never doubted in the least the existence of these monsters." Thus urge the objectors. If there are *à priori* principle, why is it necessary to prove it? Nay, does not the very presence of objectors forever disprove it? Locke says: "Since nobody that I know has yet ventured to give a category of them, they cannot blame them who doubt of these innate principles." And again: "There could be no more doubt concerning

their number than there is about the number of our fingers." Grote also takes a strong position. He says: "If we compare one age with another, and one part of the globe with another, the differences in respect to ethical sentiment will appear both vastly numerous and prodigiously important." And again: "That such diversities exist in respect to various actions condemned, tolerated and applauded in different countries and ages, is a matter of incontestible notoriety, and he who proceeds to render a general account of ethical sentiment will find himself compelled to admit original and inherent diversities between the man of one age and country and the man of another."

The way this objection is generally met is, I think, very weak. Apologists for conscience say that this faculty is often perverted, the delicacy of its perceptions blunted, and that it is finally scared into silence. It may be, and is true, that conscience is often perverted, but, as an answer, this is not adequate, for three reasons: (A) It is practically a logical circle. When expanded it amounts to this: certain truths are *à priori*, because they are universal, and they are universal—or would be, if they had not been corrupted—because they are *à priori*. No proof whatever is given that if conscience were not perverted its utterances would be uniform. (B) It attempts to meet the objection on too narrow a basis. It restricts the defence to the moral intuitions, while the objection is aimed at intuition in general. If it should be shown that the corruption of conscience is the reason for the diversity in its utterances, it will still be asked, whence the dispute whether sympathy is original, and why it is that Noah Porter says finality in nature is intuitive and other intuitionists say it is not? And (C) the defence is not adequate because it cannot be thus expanded to apply to *à priori* truths in general. We never hear of the causal judgment being perverted as the moral judgment is. We never hear of a man who says two straight lines can enclose a space because he has misplaced or misused his

faculty of spacial representation. It cannot be compared with sense, deception and mistakes in the natural world, for these are errors in general or deduced cases, and not in particulars. The senses do not deceive us in particular and immediate perceptions. But the cases of diversity that Grote urges so forcibly (and which, I think, we must admit,) are particular, and claimed by the intuitionist as immediate.

The objection must be met on deeper ground,—on the ground of development in morals and mind. I claim that a circumscribed evolution is necessary to explain the facts in this aspect of intuitive truths. Evolution is no longer a term of reproach to be cast from the pulpit and the chair at any system that is considered heterodox. Still, it is abused under several distinct phases in the course of a single essay, and given meanings that accord with the requirements of the connection in which it is used. It is said to undermine religion, freedom and responsibility, to blot out a creator and arranger, to debase man to a complicated manifestation of matter, to make the world a blind mechanism, and faith impossible. But evolution is not essentially materialistic, and was not at all so in its first enunciation as one of the great laws of the visible universe. Darwin presupposed a creator by whose power his chain process was originated. Farther back Leibnitz anticipated the hypothesis in his "tameness of indiscernables" with great clearness, and Heroditus of old saw a development in his perpetual flux. It is only lately that an hypostatized something called force, or a vague generalization called the unknowable, or a metaphysical abstraction called the absolute, has been brought in to take the reins and drive forward its chariot on the wheels of the world's evolving advance. And evolution has become materialistic in its attitude and claims. But, be it clearly understood, it is the former, the creative non-materialistic evolution, whose fundamental position we must here adopt and transcribe in seeking a solution to the question that is before us.

And what is this process? We will assume physical evolution as a starting postulate. Then let morals and mind be developed from beginnings of morals and mind, as matter from beginnings of matter. Let potential intellect and conscience advance through the ages, becoming nobler and more highly developed as their physical instrument becomes differentiated in its forms and adapted to more complicated modes of life. Let intellectual capacities become potencies, and potencies tendencies, and tendencies instincts, and instincts perceptions, and perceptions knowledge. Side by side with this let the moral nature advance, or, rather, let original moral possibilities attain to the realities of a positive moral nature in an ascending series. Then the different terms of this series will show different stages of activity and growth. At one stage, a principle that is implanted *à priori* in the germinal depths of the intellectual nature will be completely obscured and unknown to consciousness, awaiting further advance and more congenial environment. At another stage, the conditions having been fulfilled under which, in its essential nature, it must emerge, the same principle dawns upon the intellect and consciousness, and becomes a regulative law of the higher mental processes characteristic of this more advanced stage. Then we must expect to find terms in which principles are *sub judice*, so to speak: not fully developed, but becoming so.

From these considerations, three classes of phenomena may be expected: (a) The violation, on the part of those portions of the race that are at our stage, of principles that are *à priori* at a more advanced stage. Thus nations that have not yet reached the law of love, violate its precepts in loyalty to the principle of justice that they have reached. This principle of justice, untempered by love, is the key to Roman history. When the "fullness of time was come," the *humanitas* of the stoic yielded to the universal brotherhood of Christianity. Still further back, the Jew was only beginning to see the law of justice when he recognized the

right of the "avenger of blood" to exact private vengeance. Justice, in history, has several distinct steps of development. At first, the family is the sphere of rights and obligations, and the community may be sacrificed to their maintenance: then the idea enlarges to include the community, the state, and, finally, universal man; but prior to each advancement, the law of that advancement is unperceived and violated. Thus cases might be multiplied indefinitely. (b) Disagreement in different nations and in different ages in regard to the number and identification of *à priori* principles. This follows from the considerations already advanced, and seems to meet the objection of Locke. Of course, in nations of inferior development, the principles will be fewer. (c) Uncertainty and disagreement in individual experience and theory. This is seen in transition periods. Truths will be indistinctly perceived, and great intellectual activity will be rewarded by their discovery and confirmation. Separate families of great mental acumen arise and seem to advance beyond the average, or an individual may attain great intellectual pre-eminence.

These three positions, flowing as they do from a theistic theory of evolution, meet, point by point, the great objection to the test of universality, and it remains unimpaired. Not as a practical test, however, for, in consequence of these extensive modifications, its usefulness is very slight. However true it be that *à priori* truth is universal intrinsically, it is not so practically, and cannot be till all mankind has attained its ultimate position in a completed universe and sees things as they are.

This development aspect, or *à priorism*, may afford, also, a philosophic basis for the doctrines of Christianity, distinctively considered. In the process that I have concisely sketched above, the soul emerges, clad in the accumulating principles with which it was potentially endowed. With a soul comes identity and responsibility, and man is now appropriately declared to have been made "in the image of God." A disenthralled and free agent, he is capable of sin.

Thus the Christian system is built up. It is not the purpose of this paper to expand this here, but only to note it as flowing from the discussion above. It may serve for future thought. So evolution, with its mass of facts, may be reconciled to a theistic theory of the universe and to christian theology, in that it becomes necessary to intuitionism, upon which both are based.

JAMES M. BALDWIN.

Indications.

THE twinkling, roguish, merry eyes,
Lips ever wreathing in laughter and fun,
A head quickly moving,
A heart lightly roving,
Are found in a maiden whose love is soon won.

The flashing, haughty, piercing eye,
Lips ever curling in scorn and pride,
A head lightly tossing,
A heart full of crossing,
Are found in a maiden who casts love aside.

The pensive, modest, patient eyes,
Lips ever whispering "courage and peace,"
A head meekly bending,
A heart ne'er offending,
Are found in a maiden whose love will ne'er cease.

Eyes have a language easily read,
Lips tell a story ere ever they speak,
A head by its turning,
A heart by its yearning,
Are traits of a maid, loving, haughty or meek.

—CHAS. HELLIWELL.

Jean Theseau.

IT WAS my good fortune, a few years ago, to spend a summer month in one of those towns squeezed in at the foot of a towering mountain, so common in Virginia. The scenery around was grand and imposing. To the west

was a valley, which gradually ascended until at length, in the far distance, the view was shut off by a mountain, from which the drowsy tinkle of bells ever and anon greeted the ear with its music. East of the village, a lofty mountain raised its peak, and around its base clustered dwelling-houses, stores and hotels. The town's inhabitants were not wealthy, nor formal in their contact with their fellow men. Whenever a stranger entered the little village, store-keepers, housewives, maid-servants, cooks and all stopped their work to watch him until he was safely sheltered in a hotel. The streets were here and there, wherever a tree afforded sufficient shade to ward off the sun's hot rays, filled with men, sitting idly in chairs, engaged in friendly conversation, or busied in whittling sticks. The sight was not strange to me, for I had all my life been accustomed to the habits and mannerisms of the people. I knew their love of talk and good companionship, their utter abandonment, at this season of the year, of all kinds of work, in order to enjoy the pleasure of playing checkers and talking politics. It was no hard matter for a stranger, as I was, to soon become one of their number. Whole days were thus spent by them in exchanging opinions and playing checkers. Now and then a lady passing by would interrupt the game, whereupon every man would rise from his seat, push back his chair, tip his hat, and then resume his occupation.

Several evenings, while occupied as a spectator to some closely-contested game, I had observed an aged man, dressed in linen check blouse, jean pants and a worn felt hat, pass unnoticed by the groups of busy checker-players. There was nothing striking about him that would instantly attract a stranger's attention, but after having seen him several times walking by without being addressed by the sociable inhabitants, I was curious to know his name and history; so I began to watch for his passing, and to examine him more closely. His long hair was very grey, his eyes dark and flashing, and his countenance still showed that, though

tanned and weather-beaten now, there was a time when its possessor might have been a fine-looking man. I asked old Judge X—, who sat next to me one evening, whether he could give me any information about the old man in the linen check blouse, who happened just then to be passing. The judge gently laid aside his pipe, and proceeded to tell me the following story :

“ Way back yonder, in 1820, there settled in New Orleans a French immigrant, who had come to this country to fill his coffers with gold. New Orleans then, as you must know, was a small town, full of Spaniards, Frenchmen, negroes and yellow fever. This immigrant, Pierat was his name, was a man of keen insight into all affairs in which money was concerned, and rapidly became wealthy through merchandizing and speculation.

“ So much of his time, during his young days, was occupied in pursuing his business, that he scarcely entertained the thought of the need of looking about for a wife; but when wealth was in his possession, and he found himself a prominent man in a fast-growing town, he naturally felt that it was his duty to leave an heir to his immense property; so he married. Years passed by, but no child blessed the union. Pierat had become mayor of the city, and was prominently mentioned as a candidate for higher honor. At last the news spread through the city that the mayor was the happy father of a girl.

“ Little Marie grew rapidly in that warm, delightful climate, and when fourteen her father died. Pierat's wife and she were thus made sole heirs to an immense property. Marie was sent to Paris to be educated, as were all the daughters of the rich planters and merchants of New Orleans. Every accomplishment which the times then afforded was given her, and when eighteen she returned to her home a refined, beautiful woman.

“ Have you ever seen any of those beautiful Creole women? Their dark, melting eyes, fringed with jet black

lashes; their raven black hair; their soft, olive complexion; their lisping accent; their grace in easy motion; their coquettish, unembarrassed manner, tempered by winning modesty, make them the queens of womankind, so far as success in capturing the hearts of the sterner sex is concerned. Their touch and tones

“Dart

An instant sunshine through the heart.”

“I know many imagine that a small amount of negro blood, mingled with that of the Caucasian, flow in the veins of a Creole. But not so. The true Creole could be offered no greater insult than to be charged with having such blood.

“Marie much resembled one of these beautiful Creole women. Her manners were engaging, and her wealth was even more attractive to all the aristocratic young men of the city. Her house was a *salon* for the gathering of the culture and beauty of New Orleans. Jean Theseau, the son of a French settler, seemed to be the favored suitor for Marie's hand. He was a young lawyer of fine abilities, wealthy, and withal a desirable *parti*. Ah, he was the true Creole. Passionate in nature, easy and graceful in every movement, and with a pride worthy of some Spanish grandee. His remarkable brilliancy at school in Paris, his *sang-froid* in an affair of honor, his charming graces in ladies' society, had made him the center around which all the young men of the city clustered. He was their leader in both intellectual and social accomplishments. After enjoying a season or two of triumph in society, Marie was married to Jean Theseau. They went abroad on their wedding tour, and were as noble a couple as ever left New Orleans. After a year's sojourn in Europe, they returned to make New Orleans their home. Their hearts were gladdened by the advent of a son, and never was there a happier family. Wealth, high social position in a city where the *entrée* to society demanded something more than mere wealth, were theirs. I wish that my story ended here, but I must give you the facts.

"In Pierat's family there had lived an old quadroon woman, who had always been his house-keeper, and who was treated more as a trusted friend than a slave. She was so nearly white that a stranger would have believed her a white woman. You could meet on the streets of New Orleans at that time, any number of men and women whom a casual passer-by would never imagine to be slaves, so nearly did they resemble the dark-complexioned Frenchmen and Spaniards, and it was no uncommon occurrence for a man to go to law to prove that his descent was not contaminated by a mixture of negro blood. This quadroon woman had always acted as a guardian to Marie in domestic affairs, and was loved by her as much as a superior can love a slave. Old age, at last, demanded its reward, and poor Rebecca was stricken with a serious disease. When the end of life was near, she begged that a private audience with Jean Theseau and Marie might be granted to her. What a tale of sorrow were the last words of this dying woman to disclose to them both! She confessed to them that Marie was her daughter, that Marie's father, being so anxious to leave a child of his own who could bear his name and inherit his property, had taken Marie into his family, and reared her as his legitimate child.

"Imagine what a humiliation to the pride of the husband, what a wreck to all his future happiness this confession must have been. What did Theseau do? Could man and wife, thus conscious of their wide separation, in future live together? A husband, who worshipped family purity, live with a wife whose blood he knew to be mingled with that of the despised, degraded negro! You say that had he been a sensible man, he would have disregarded the quadroon's confession, and have lived in happiness with his wife; but you are ignorant of the pride of a Creole.

"The neighbors noticed the quiet that reigned in the house, so often the scene of social gatherings. Theseau's gay companions missed him in the club-room, and were passed unnoticed when they met him on the street. Rumors of insanity, loss of property, spread among his acquaint-

ances, but little did they know the true secret of the change which had been wrought in him. Marie was never "at home" to her many callers, and no longer appeared in society, which also added more mystery to the conduct of poor Theseau. Had he imparted his secret to some of his friends, he would have probably been advised to procure a divorce, and forget the fact that he had ever been married; but he loved Marie too much to throw a shadow upon her reputation by confessing to anyone the secret of her birth. He knew the wide gulf which separated the true whites from the race of slaves. His manhood, his family pride, would not allow him to bring disgrace upon the woman who was once his wife. Once his wife! you say. Yes, once; for he never thought of claiming her as his wife again.

"For weeks he brooded in solitude over his troubles. One morning he could not be found in his accustomed haunts, and weeks went by, but nothing could be heard of him. A letter was found in his handwriting, which directed that all his property in New Orleans should be given to his wife and son, but made no mention of his own whereabouts.

"The old man whom you see passing through the streets every afternoon is Jean Theseau. He lives in solitude in an old cabin out in the woods, about two miles from here. When strangers visit his abode he is kind and courteous to them, still showing the nobility and high breeding of his nature. He has roamed over the world, always going alone, and never speaking to anyone when he could otherwise avoid it. Marie, his wife, moved to a distant state, and the whole of her life has been devoted to the education and happiness of her son. This son is a prominent physician in the city in which he lives, but is ignorant of his father's early sorrow and of his present whereabouts. Poor old Theseau, as I hear, with a father's love still watches the success of his son, and it is to be hoped that this love for his son will, some day, conquer the pride which has for so many years made him a self-exile."

M. N. DUE.

May and December.

FROM CORNEILLE.

I.

Dear Marquise, though upon my face
You trace the touch of time,
Remember, pray, years come apace:
Yours soon will be like mine.

II.

Follows on light too soon the shade,—
On me 'tis come ere now;
And time can make your roses fade,
As it has lined my brow.

III.

Under the same directing moon
We live from year to year;
What I am now you will be soon;
I *was* as you *are* here.

IV.

However, I have several charms
Which still with me have staid,
And keep me from too great alarms;
Of time I'm not afraid.

V.

Men now adore the charms you boast,
But those which you despise
You may, perchance, some day need most,
To blind men's searching eyes.

VI.

My charms preserve the glory of
The face which I deem sweet,
And in these lines, to skies above,
May praise your dainty feet.

VII.

With a new race undutiful,
With whom I'll have some credit,
You'll only pass for beautiful,
Because myself hath said it.

VIII.

Consider, then, dear Marquise, do,
Though gray-beards you decry,
'Tis worth your while to court him who
Can write as well as I.

College Government—A Method.

THE theoretical right of the student to participate in his own government, and some of the benefits which would result from the exercise of such a right, have been made plain in a former article, and have been enumerated. It remains to discuss practical measures, the adoption of which will insure a successful application of the theory.

The first question suggested by the Amherst plan, of a senate, composed of student delegates, is the relation which its vested powers shall bear to the prerogatives of the Faculty. Universal experience attests the existence of certain conflicting tendencies between teachers and taught. If an equal number of votes were allowed to each element in the regulation of college interests, the good sense of the undergraduates could generally be relied upon to co-operate with the professors in securing satisfactory issues. But it is possible to imagine cases in which natural antagonism between them might cause a deadlock. Again, the predominance of one faction would in large measure invalidate the good results of student representation; while that of another might, at times of intense excitement or sudden indignation, incite rash and dangerous action. It is evident that some third party, interested but not prejudiced, must be found to arbitrate in such instances.

That a Board of Alumni would be specially fitted for the exercise of this function is beyond dispute. College experience has placed them in complete sympathy with students, and given them understanding of the motives

which prompt their actions. Contact with the world has, on the other hand, furnished them with the cool judgment and broad range of observation necessary for the sagacious employment of this knowledge in the consideration of educational and disciplinary questions. Possessing thus, in a marked degree, the exact qualifications which Faculty or undergraduates lack to moderate their respective rule, they could safely be entrusted with the power to decide in mooted points. Care must, however, be taken, in their selection, that too late or long a graduation may not vitiate these favorable conditions. Here is found the answer to the proposition that in case of the adoption of any system of student government the trustees should hold the controlling votes. For the majority of graduates their college days are so distant as to unfit them for the appreciation of the student's position of to-day. The scheme of government advocated would then consist of a senate composed of undergraduate delegates, to which the same amount of control over college matters shall be allowed as to the Faculty; also a Board of Alumni, who shall interpose their authority when, in their judgment, such interference is demanded, or when no satisfactory agreement can otherwise be reached.

A plan by which the members of this committee shall be chosen can be readily formulated. Let each Alumni Association, whose membership numbers twenty-five or over, elect one member. To be eligible, he must have been graduated not less than three nor more than eight years before the election. He shall hold office for a term of five years. An annual meeting shall be held some time in Commencement week, and such other meetings as may seem necessary or desirable. The delegates from the associations of Nassau Hall, New York and Philadelphia, shall constitute an executive committee, which shall be empowered to act in any emergency, their action to be subject to a review by the entire board at the next regular meeting. The usual officers shall, of course, be chosen, and, if the board see fit,

a constitution and by-laws can be framed to govern their actions and proceedings.

The advantages of this system of graduate control are not confined to the settlement of this question of college politics. A comparison of our catalogue with those of colleges in whose welfare their alumni take an active interest, will show the benefits which accrue from such a spirit. It is our misfortune that, except in New York and the Western cities recently visited by our venerable President, only a passive memory of Old Nassau appears to remain among her sons. The reason is easily found. The spirit of grumbling, so proverbial among us, infects even the most patriotic students. When grievances, real or imagined, have become softened by time, all connection with the college as well has disappeared. Little notice is taken of alumni, unless pecuniary aid is desired. The cheerful response made to such appeals is in itself surprising, and an encouraging indication of what could be expected were they given some influence in college affairs.

The duties of the trustees in this scheme of government would in no respect differ from what they are at present. Their general control, as now exercised over the institution, would be continued; and, as a court of final appeal, their prerogatives would suffer no encroachment from the proposed board of arbitration to be chosen from among the alumni.

S. D.

Voices.

[This department is intended for the free expression of College sentiment. The editors disclaim all responsibility for the opinions expressed.]

Fellowship Examinations.

THE recent improvements in the curriculum and in the arrangement of studies and examinations suggest an alteration which could be advantageously made in the times at which the fellowship examinations are held. Under the present system, the two weeks immediately preceding Commencement are appointed for this purpose. The disadvantages of such an arrangement are best appreciated by the assumption of an extreme and unusual case. For any man who has obtained an appointment on the Lynde Debate, has literary work to perform for Class Day or Commencement proper, and is competing for a fellowship, the Senior vacation must be a season of hideous mental confusion and unproductive of creditable results. While such an instance may be exceptional, it not infrequently happens that a Lynde Debater or a Class Day or a Commencement orator is studying for one of these prizes, and finds himself overburdened by the pressure of his work during the intermission. This evil could be remedied by transferring the dates of these examinations to the latter part of the second session. In case this change were made, the time for preparation would not be practically shortened. Active work for these examinations, as now held, does not commence till the opening of the winter term, although the subjects are announced at an earlier date. The proposed innovation would render it necessary that work should be begun in the first session; but, as an offset, would relieve Seniors from these examinations and secure better results, owing to both the avoidance of the warm weather and more thorough study.

S. D.

A Plea for Blackstone—An Open Letter.

To the Editors of the LIT :

THE PRINCETONIAN, in one of its recent issues, advanced an idea which to many may seem a mere visionary suggestion, radical in character, tempting at first sight, and utterly impracticable within the necessarily confined limits of a college curriculum. The numerous and important changes which are to be entered upon next year—changes which are to a large extent the indirect if not the direct result of suggestions from the college periodicals—will undoubtedly call forth many ill-digested and worthless remarks on future reform in the college course. The latest one, however, is not of this character. The object of this letter is to support it.

The need of an elementary course in Blackstone, I contend, is amply shown by the following reasons :

American citizens differ very essentially from those of any other country. From every walk of life, the learned and the ignorant, the rich and the poor, are called to the performance of some public duty. Now, let me appeal to our alumni, and ask, whether in their public positions they have not often felt themselves handicapped by their ignorance of the fundamental principles of the common law? Without exception they will answer yes. Our whole system of government, together with the duties of citizenship, are so inseparably connected with the law as to render some knowledge of it indispensable. Whoever does not get it from books must acquire it, unconsciously perhaps, by long experience.

That the elementary study of Blackstone is eminently fitting in the college course, needs for its proof only the perusal of Blackstone's Introduction and the citation of the fact that those celebrated lectures were written for Oxford undergraduates. That they are especially fitting for an American in any station, is still more patent, Thomas Jefferson to the contrary. But most of all they are needed by the

college man; insomuch as he is expected to take a stand in public affairs, such as accords with the superior advantages he has enjoyed. His position as a leader of intelligence among his fellow men not only strongly recommends a knowledge of the common law, but must render him peculiarly sensitive to the lack of it. How often is the clergyman, doctor or business man solicited for an opinion on some trifling matter of law; and how often has he felt himself baffled by the want of it?

To men, other than professional lawyers, the study of legal matters is somewhat repulsive, enshrouded as the subject is in the traditional dryness. But in the class-room, divested of all superfluities, and accompanied, as it should be, by oral explanation, the study of Blackstone would not only prove itself a benefit, but a positive source of enjoyment.

Again, I maintain (although here I might lay myself open to criticism) that Blackstone's Commentaries are only a summary of the *inner side* of English History. For the man who can draw the line between English History and English Law must indeed be a genius.

I have purposely omitted mention of those of our number who will enter the Law as a profession till the last. Because the benefit of any study in a college course should first be looked at in the light of a *general* benefit. But we must remember that one-third of our Princeton graduates enter the Law. At least the last two years would seem to indicate that as about the proper proportion to assign.

Such a number of our students ought surely to have some regard paid them in their preparations for their future career. The preliminary knowledge thus obtained, coupled with the more extended reiteration of the same matter in a Law School, ought to give an embryo Princeton lawyer such a foundation on the principles of English Common Law as to safely guide him over all future difficulties. Reflection will show the advantage it will give him over his

competitors. But I don't plead for Blackstone as a law book. I want his sayings as a brief view of the principles on which English government and society are administered, as the final advice of our *Alma Mater* to her departing sons.

Let us try it in Princeton for a year or two, and I venture to predict that at the end of that time the College will be unanimous for Blackstone.

Very truly yours,

M. C.

Italian Legends.

THE degeneration of the Roman into the Italian, the transition from the stern, practical character of the one to the careless, happy-go-lucky, poetic nature of the other, is strikingly exhibited in the change which their legends and traditions have undergone. Their earliest religious myths consist only of what was necessary for the support of their national faith, and deal almost exclusively with heroic exploits. Even the primitive conceptions of their wood and water nymphs bear no comparison as poetical creations with the more modern fairies. Gradually the spirit of luxury and effeminacy inaugurated by the empire infused itself into their popular tales and recollections, and their sacred import was lost. Then was invented a series of stories, which, for pure and unselfish ideals, for poetic, yet simple thoughts, are deserving of a high rank among the works of genius. In the mouths of even the humblest peasants their widespread influence over the minds and thoughts of the people is an important factor in their national character. Consider, as a typical instance, the story of the "Mascotte." The play, as put upon the stage, contains much that is coarse and offensive, but the plot in itself can be marred by no setting. The leading idea is the personification of "luck," as a peasant maiden who brings good fortune to every household which

she enters. The details, as furnished by the playwright, are commonplace. The regulation villain, who is also the Duke, having learned of her peculiar attribute, attempts to marry Bettina against her will, but at the critical moment the customary lover—a poor peasant—arrives, claims his promised bride, and defeats the selfish ends of the noble. The poetic sentiment appears to have cast a shadow on the mind of the Scottish bard who penned the line—

“There’s nae luck in the house.”

ROSICRUCIAN.

The Home Stretch.

“**H**OW are you going home?” is a familiar question on the campus at present. The answers are varied, but for the most part are, “By the shortest cut.” It seems that many of the fellows living at a distance forget the advantages they have for travel—the numerous routes they have to choose from, the opportunities for getting together a select crowd of companions, and the whole trip made without extra expense.

No one can deny that a correct knowledge of his own country, of its scenery, historical places, and, above all, of its people, is something that every one should strive for, furnishing as it does so many advantages to a man, no matter what his occupation may be.

Time seems to be the excuse for not travelling to and from home by different routes rather than by the most direct and convenient line. Think a while and you will find that the difference in time between the direct and circuitous routes is but a few hours, or days at most. How could you spend these few hours or days of your summer vacation more

profitably? There is no need of mentioning routes. They are various. Let every man, who has to travel any distance to reach home, open a map and select a novel and attractive trip, without thinking of going by a "bee-line," and we will give the assurance that no regrets will follow.

J. C. M.

Influence of College Journalism.

ONE OF THE promising signs of the college times is the rapid growth of college journalism. It was started a little more than a half-century ago by a few men, who thought they saw in it an agent for their own good, and that of the college at large, and its rapid growth since then has been remarkable. Its progress, at first, was rather slow, and its existence precarious, but it at length became firmly established, and is to-day one of the recognized powers in college life. It has been an important factor in building up and spreading a literary spirit in our colleges. Circulating through college at regular intervals, it has evoked a spirit of rivalry and competition, which, productive of good in any sphere, are especially influential in literature. By this competition not a few brilliant intellects have been discovered, which would have lain dormant for a few years at least. It is rather a suggestive fact that many of the college graduates who, in after years, have come to any distinction as literary men, have been either editors or contributors to their college papers. Many a man who has climbed to the upper rungs in the ladder of fame, made his "maiden" effort in the journal of his *Alma Mater*. The editorial lists of our more prominent papers contain the names of many of our country's literary idols. In looking over them, we see such men as Webster, Everett, Holmes, Lowell, and many others of equal fame, who have been active workers on their college

papers. Another telling proof of the influence of college journalism on literature is the fact that the colleges who have produced the greatest number of literary graduates are the colleges where journalism has received its warmest support. A careful inquiry will show that colleges have been successful or not in an almost most exact ratio to the support they have given their press. If its true value has been recognized, and it has taken the prominence it demands, as a rule we find in that college a love for letters.

If it could set up no other plea for recognition as a promoter of literature than that it has encouraged a careful and critical study of the English masterpieces and their authors, that would suffice. The whole spirit of college journalism promotes and encourages their research. In fact, it is inseparable from it. Look over the pages of the colleges' papers, and you will see that a good majority of the pieces are studies or criticisms of some prominent author. This necessitates a careful study of his works. This is admitted to be the best discipline and training that any writer could have. The careful study of a man, the ascertaining of his strong and weak points, cannot but cultivate a clear habit of thinking, which always means clear writing. This power of analyzing one's work, and striking out the weak points and strengthening the strong, is what the best critics say every good writer should have and what the fewest possess. Anything which tends in the least to encourage this sifting process should receive the earnest and hearty support of every man who has the best interests of literature at heart.

These are no fine-spun theories, but stubborn and weighty facts, and as such demand the earnest consideration of every thinking man. College journalism has unmistakably exerted this influence in the past, and bids fair to increase it in the future. No college can afford to slight or treat lightly any institution which wields the power that the college press does.

H. H.

The Stinnecke Scholarship—An Open Letter.

To the Editors of the LIT. :

ALLOW me to direct the attention of the '87 men, not only of Princeton, but of other colleges as well, to the re-establishment of the Stinnecke Scholarship. This scholarship has an annual value of \$500, and holds for three years. It "will be given to that person who, having entered the Sophomore Class, shall pass the best examination at the opening of the session in September, 1884, in the Odes of Horace, the Eclogues of Virgil, and the Latin Grammar and Prosody, as well as the Anabasis or Cyropoedia of Xenophon and the Greek Grammar." No college offers a prize of so much value—\$1500 in the aggregate—for so little labor. The requirements include only what is supposed to have been gone over before entering college or during Freshman year. Surely no good linguist in our Freshman Class should begrudge from his vacation the comparatively few hours necessary to accomplish the work which will prepare him for the competition. As to '87 men elsewhere, the chances of such a prize should be an inducement to the best of them to change their college.

Truly yours,

G. L. R.

Aaron Ogden, '73.

AARON OGDEN was graduated from Princeton College in 1773, before he had attained the age of seventeen. He was connected with the College as a Trustee for thirty-six years, and was at one time *ex-officio* President of the Board.

During the Revolutionary War, Ogden served in the ranks as a Volunteer and as Lieutenant, Pay-Master, Aid-de-camp,

Captain, Brigade-Major, and Inspector, an office now abolished, but then among the most honorable and important of the staff appointments. His part in the many engagements at which he was present was always creditable, and not seldom brilliant. In the capture of the British provision ship "Blue Mountain Valley," in the battles of the Brandywine, of Monmouth, and of Springfield, under Lafayette, in Virginia, and in the campaigns of 1779, in which he acted as *aid* to General Maxwell against the hostile Indians of western New York, he was especially distinguished. On one occasion his determined courage proved nearly fatal. While reconnoitering the meadows near Elizabethtown one very dark night, he was suddenly surrounded by the enemy, and commanded to dismount. Bent on giving the alarm at all hazards, he spurred up his horse, and, though severely wounded in the chest by a bayonet thrust, prevented the British from accomplishing their designs. One of the original members of the Society of the Cincinnati, he succeeded General Bloomfield to its presidency, an office which he held until his death.

His early military career appears to have exercised little or no disturbing influence on the honorable discharge of his subsequent legal and official duties. His success as a lawyer was due not only to his education, but also to the thorough and laborious character of his researches. Add to a complete understanding of a case and familiarity with authorities to be cited, a manner, voice and expression at once pleasing and impressive, an eloquence of a high order when excited, and a thorough appreciation of the motives of human action, and his legal reputation is not surprising. While in practice of his profession, his services were in demand, and he was called upon to argue many important cases before the Supreme Court. As one of the Federalist leaders in this State, he was elected by the Legislature as United States Senator for two years to fill the vacancy made by a resignation. After the expiration of his term he occu-

pied the position of Clerk of Essex county for a number of years, and, in 1812, was elected Governor of New Jersey. In the following year President Madison proposed the name of Colonel Ogden as Major-General, with the intention of giving him command of the forces to operate against Canada. The Senate unanimously confirmed the nomination, but he felt obliged to decline the appointment.

The remainder of his life was a series of misfortunes. He embarked in an enterprise for the establishment of a steam-boat line between Elizabeth and New York, and thus became involved in a litigation which squandered his fortunes and broke his spirit. For a few years before his death, which occurred in 1839, he received a pension from the Government, and held a position in the Jersey City custom-house. Colonel Ogden's life may be regarded as typical of the histories of that large class of men without whom the splendid genius of our early statesmen would have been unattended by substantial results. A true patriot, his deeds and his honors testify to his worth.

"The elements
So mixed in him, that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world: This was a man!"

S. D.

Editorials.

CONTRIBUTIONS for the September LIT. must be handed in by noon on the *second day* after the re-opening of College.

OWING to the fact that the September LIT. will be necessarily late, we have determined to reserve the usual prize story for the October number, and have also extended

the maximum length to three thousand words. A story of this length affords opportunity for the development of plot, the absence of which is the most prominent defect of the ordinary college tale. Exercise in fictitious writing, or in the working up of some incident from real life, is a lively quickener of the literary spirit. We hope there will be sharp competition for this prize from every class in College. The story will be due about September 25th.

THERE are half a dozen fellowships and several prizes for which the Academic students can compete. The Scientific School has but one fellowship, and it is open also to Academic students, and to *post-graduates*. Would it not be just as well to limit the competition and give the Scientifics a chance?

WHEN a new order has gone into effect with vast improvement over the old, it seems ungrateful to meet it with a demand for more. But we confess to a feeling of disappointment at not finding Anglo-Saxon elevated to its proper place in the new curriculum. The increasing interest in the study in all quarters, the large number of '85 men who elected it, and, above all, the labors and reputation of Prof. Hunt, are sufficient warrant for a longer and more complete course in First English. The number of Anglo-Saxon texts edited during the past year make the study far more easy and profitable than it was. It should be given a better footing at Princeton, or dropped altogether. The present course is entirely inadequate.

THE *Argonaut* charges us with plagiarism. We are said to have taken from her columns the drinking song entitled "Apropos," which was published in our May number.

The only one whom we are willing to admit has a right to interview us on such a charge is Anacreon on the score of his ode, 'Εἰς τὸ πίνειν. But he has been too long off the scene to object, and we anticipate no action under the copyright law. Perhaps the *Argonaut* rests in the same happy security.

THE LACROSSE team has deserved what it has won—the championship. But it has not won what it deserves—subscriptions. Its hard, faithful work and enthusiastic spirit to do honor to Princeton should meet with a substantial backing from the College.

What Yale Thinks of Herself.

THE FOLLOWING letter to the *New Haven Register*, from a Yale graduate, speaks for itself. We are glad to learn that the better sentiment at Yale condemns the outrageous treatment of Dartmouth and Amherst:

To the Editor of the Register:

Those who attended the last two games of base-ball at Hamilton Park between the Yale nine and the Dartmouth and Amherst nines, respectively, were treated to a disgraceful exhibition of boorishness and meanness unworthy of the students of Yale. The conduct of the students in cheering incessantly, for the purpose of "rattling" their opponents, is an innovation which the better element of the college should promptly discourage. It cannot be defended on any grounds. It is simply ungentlemanly and vulgar in every particular. It comes with very bad grace for Yale students to indulge in this method of aiding and stimulating their

base-ball nine, in view of the harsh criticisms they have repeatedly passed on the Princeton tactics. We venture to say that Princeton never stooped to so low a means to accomplish a worthy end. The captain of the Yale nine should have used his influence yesterday with the cheering mob, and forced their silence, when the pitcher of the Amhersts refused to play while the cheering continued. He should be above such assistance. If his nine cannot win games without this questionable interference and assistance, the sooner he disbands it the better for the nine, the students and the college. The only excuse this incessant cheering has, is that it "rattles" the opposing and stimulates the college nine. The one is disreputable, the other disgusting. Such practice in the future should be prevented by the captain or president of the ball club. It is better that the games should be unplayed than that they should be stolen by such tactics.

A GRADUATE.

Base-Ball.

THE present base-ball season offers a few points for comment. We do not refer to our unusual number of defeats. Even in this remains the consolation of being described as having met our "Waterloo." If one cannot have a big success, the next recourse is to have a big failure. "It am bettah to dro'n in de ocean dan in de brook." For the nine itself, we have only hearty sympathy in the extraordinary number of difficulties under which it has labored, and praise for it for the manner in which it has met them. But the points to which we wish to call attention are of wider and future interest.

To the fair-minded opponent of college athletics, as they now exist, the present season gives no ground for criticism. Even "the professional spirit" argument must fall through.

But were we to rest on this assurance, that no efforts would be made next year to repress athletics, we would have sadly learned the lesson of the last foot-ball season. We must expect to meet childish arguments. The claim is still fresh in memory, that because a rule existed in the foot-ball constitution forbidding foul play, foul play must, therefore, be in constant practice. On the same principle, we will expect the claim, that because a rule exists in the base-ball constitution forbidding any professional to play on a nine, because one college has protested a game on the ground that there was a professional so engaged, professionals are therefore constantly playing upon college nines. But, on the same grounds, we are as much justified in arguing that because of such a rule and protest, there is a lively and healthy spirit throughout the colleges against professionalism. Both lines of reasoning are alike weak. The only way in which athletics can be made proof against all attacks, is that they be pervaded with a spirit which demands fair, gentlemanly contests, and success for the best. Such a spirit we believe to exist in the majority, if not all, of the colleges in the Inter-collegiate Base-Ball Association.

To come nearer home, it is not too early to talk of prospects—financially. If the nine is to be successful next year, it must begin the season with every possible advantage. This it cannot do if weighted with a debt. The Base Ball Association is now in financial straits. It is impossible for it to close its accounts this year even, unless help is forthcoming from the College or Alumni. The season has been disastrous, but we must retrieve the disaster as rapidly as possible. The first thing essential is a good financial footing. We appeal to all interested, undergraduates and alumni alike, to come forward.

Partial Examinations.

HARVARD, Yale, and the University of Virginia, have a custom which Princeton would do well to inaugurate. It is the system of partial examinations for entrance. Suppose, for instance, a boy intends to enter Princeton, '89. He is already proficient in some branches, say mathematics. He takes the entrance examination in that subject with '88, gets a certificate stating the fact, and when he comes back to enter with his class, is examined only in those requirements in which he has not yet passed. The advantages of such a system would be two-fold. In the first place, it would be better for the boy; he would have so much off his mind and could give undivided attention to his other studies, instead of looking forward to an examination embracing the work of three or four years; he would be examined at the end of each year in the studies of the preceding twelve-month. The effect would be stimulating to the preparatory students, and would make the work of their teachers lighter and more satisfactory.

But the greatest advantage would accrue to the College. There are at Lawrenceville, Morristown, Pennington and other preparatory schools, a number of pupils who intend to enter Princeton. There are others who intend to go elsewhere, and still a third class who have made no fixed choice. Now, when Tom, who intends to enter Princeton at some future day, comes to be examined in Latin or mathematics, some of his friends who intend to go elsewhere, or who have made no choice, will probably come along. And as they have about the same stand as Tom, they may take a partial examination also. It is readily seen that, in nine cases out of ten, they will finally come for good. Moreover, the boy who has passed a partial examination will go back to his school with his loyalty to Princeton increased an hundred-fold. He will feel that he is already a member of the College, and will endeavor the more to bring his friends here.

Then, too, such a system would bring a number of preparatory scholars here during Commencement week, and the glamour of that delightful period would have its effect on their youthful imaginations. Princeton then is beautiful in the "high tide of June," full of fair visitors, rich with birds and blossoms, and with never a hint of the bleak, rainy season of the winter months, nor of the steady grind of second term.

No doubt if a student wishes to take a partial examination, the Faculty will permit him to do so. But it should be made more prominent as a system, and the attention of preparatory schools should be called to it in the catalogue. It could hardly fail to be advantageous.

Literary Gossip.

"ENGLISH travellers are the best and the worst in the world, and it has been the peculiar lot of this country to be visited by those of the worst variety. While men of philosophical spirit and cultivated minds have been sent from England to ransack the poles, to penetrate the deserts, and study the manners and customs of barbarous nations, it has been left to the broken-down tradesman, the scheming adventurer, the wandering mechanic, to be her oracles respecting America." So says Washington Irving, touching, so far back as 1820, upon the great international relations which form a topic of so much interest and discussion to-day. In this essay, entitled, "English Writers on America," he protests against the falsehoods and slanders so widely circulated and readily believed, and warns the English that they are stirring up in the breast of a great and growing nation a feeling of antagonism which, in the end, may prove of the utmost danger. How different the case now! We may still complain that the impressions carried away and spread abroad are erroneous, but upon the character of our English visitors no such reproach as the above can be cast. Not only do noblemen, gentlemen's sons, prominent and well-known business men, cross the ocean for purposes of pleasure or information, but great intellectual men like Thackeray, Dickens, Lord Chief Justice Coleridge, have deemed their experience incomplete without a visit of several months to this country. The custom and feeling seem growing. We hear that Mr. Justin McCarthy and Mr. Froude both intend to lecture in the United States this year, and the recent visit of Mr. Matthew Arnold is fresh in the minds of all. These facts are especially interesting, for they show the importance which American life and thought have assumed in the eyes of the literary world.

Irving was solicitous about the effect his travellers' visits might have upon our reputation with the people on the other side of the sea. There are two sides to the question now. *Our* opinion is of some weight. Every celebrated man's stay here affects not only us, but him. This is particularly true of literary men. In general, it must be admitted that a writer does his reputation with us little good by coming among us. We are told that we must judge a writer by what he writes, by what he says, not by what he is; that we must banish his personality from our minds. This we are able to do as long as we have only a vague hearsay idea of the man whose productions we have read. But when that personality is forced upon us, when—as is too often true—it appears that the actual self is so different from the self shadowed forth in the books, when we

are forced to compare and cannot reconcile the two, a feeling of disappointment and disillusionment arises; we have either learned too much, or our ideal has become vulgarized, if it be only by such contemptible means as the interviews, criticisms and anecdotes of the newspapers.

Very opportune, on the eve of the Presidential contest, is Part I of "A Short Tariff History of the United States," by D. H. Mason, late of the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*. Its aim is to convince, and it will doubtless prove a powerful weapon in the hands of those who support the Protection side of the question. Starting with the year 1783, the book gives a graphic account of the disaster and misery following on the Free-Trade system in vogue up to 1789, shows how, of necessity, Protection was adopted, and concludes by proving that the Federal Convention granted to Congress not only the revenue power, but the protecting power, and that a "tariff for revenue only" is a defeat of one of the principal objects in forming the present Union. Ample references are made in proof of all points, but two questions must occur in reading this book: whether the misfortune and embarrassment at the close of the war of Independence was not due partly, at least, to other causes than Free-Trade? and whether what was needed by a new and struggling country might not now be easily and advantageously dispensed with? The second part will be looked forward to with interest.

A book appeared some months ago, which, though attracting little notice at the time, has an amusing, gossiping style, and a quaint charm. It is called "Figures of the Past," and is a series of papers on former men and things, by Josiah Quincy, a graduate of Harvard, '21. Mr. Quincy was a member of one of the oldest families in Boston, and saw and knew intimately the best society and famous people of the days he speaks of. The extracts from his journals—giving a young man's estimate and description of the great men of the day, many of them long forgotten; of the unknown men of the day, many of them now renowned; recounting the beauty and wit of some reigning belle long since withered or in her grave—create a weird sense of remoteness, a deep, impressive feeling of the instability of things, as one reads. Lafayette, while in Boston, stayed at the house of the writer's father, and became well acquainted with the young man himself, who accompanied him, during his visit, in the capacity of aid-de-camp. Many interesting reminiscences of Lafayette, John Randolph, Webster, Clay, John Adams, and others, are related, together with curious descriptions of the life and society of Boston, Washington and New York. Mr. Quincy's career at school and Harvard affords room for much amusing anecdote. Among other achievements at college, he defeated Emerson (his classmate) in a competition for the Boylston Essay prize. During his sojourn at Andover, he tells us, there were six revivals of religion, each having died almost as soon as born. "We had prayer-meetings before school, after school, and in recess, and a strong influence was exerted to make us attend them. One

summer's day, after a four-hours' session, the master dismissed the school in the usual form. No sooner had he done so, than he added, 'There will now be a prayer-meeting; those who wish to lie down in everlasting burning may go, the rest will stay.' It is probable that a good many boys wanted to get out of doors. Two of them only had the audacity to rise and leave the room; one of these youngsters has since been known as an eminent Doctor in Divinity, the other was he who relates this incident."

The June magazines are especially good. The present number of the *Century* deserves first mention. Not only are the illustrations excellent, but the reading matter throughout is of a fine quality. The gem of the number is the full-page drawing, and lines by Kenyon Cox. The poor fool with his motley and bauble in the fore-ground, the lovers and lasses in their mediæval court dresses in the back-ground, present a picture at once original and attractive, to which the accompanying well-turned verses correspond. President Eliot has a temperate and sound article on a liberal education. With his conclusions on the subject no one would be inclined to quarrel, though their practical application might meet with some difficulty. In saying that "so excellent an institution as Princeton has only one professor of history, and he is obliged to include political science with history in his teaching," the writer appears to confuse political science with political economy; political science being, in fact, one of the main elements in the teaching of history.

The *Manhattan*, with its beautiful new cover, has made a sensation. The *Atlantic* is as attractive and excellent as ever. The article of chief interest is Mr. Grant White's second paper on the "Anatomizing of Shakespeare," which is lively and entertaining, but it verges too near the personal in its attack on the critics who have found fault with the Riverside "Shakespeare." Mr. Grant White, instead of treating of the anatomizing of William Shakespeare, proceeds to anatomize Mr. Grant White's own critics.

Editors' Table.

"The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
And these are of them."—*Macbeth*, Act I, Scene III.

"THESE are the times that try men's souls," remarked a Revolutionary hero, as the legions of British soldiery were over-running the fairest colonial districts, and routing, by mere force of numbers, the feeble army of patriots. Well, but what has that to do with the subject? The roar of cannon and the din of battle has not been heard in our land for years,

and the drums and fifes and flowers of "Decoration Day," just past, assure us that war-time is over.

What a sight it was as the "Post" paraded past the front Campus "with measured beat and slow;" what feelings arose in the breast of the patriotic student as the stirring strains of martial music pealed out over the fields, so rich in historic memories! But, to narrow down to college spheres, this last month has been, for the most part, one of disappointment and general lounging. Just think of the *hours* we have wasted on the 'Varsity piazza, waiting for the score; and when it came—why, some of the fellows were actually bored about it, just as if the nine didn't do their best. Yes, this third term is one of hopes and fears; of sleepless nights and "schemes of speculation;" of Campus singing and empty purses. These days of games weigh heavily on the spirits of Princeton students, for the light of contemporary events does not shed a remarkably brilliant lustre on "orange and black" athletics; and as base-ball is the criterion by which the *status quo* of a college is judged now-a-days, even the Editor—who, by the way, is subject to "ups and downs"—feels his soul tried by the adverse fortune. The nine have certainly had "hard luck," and if the Fates are against us, what more explanation can be needed? No sane man could expect a *hospital* to accomplish the overthrow of champion athletes; nor would he look for a man to play base-ball without errors, with a new position in each game.

We are afraid the championship will have to be given up, for this season; but, dear sister colleges, you must not count on such a walk-over next year; for, to use the language of a western editor, "We used to could play ball," and we shall probably do so again.

We did think strongly, at one time, of securing the Championship Cup, but, finding Harvard disposed to dispute the claim, we gave up in good grace. The crew are now our hope, and, though the Passaic regatta proved rather fruitless (except as an experience school), we put great confidence in them to win the Fourth of July laurels for their *Alma Mater*. But, look! What mean those loud and joyful cheers, that pierce the evening air and steal through the windows of the sanctum? We throw down our manuscript and rush out to the crowd. "Lacrosse—championship!" is all that is intelligible; but that's enough. A real *championship* won at last!

"Hail, then, thou ever-living flame,
To warm these chill days be thy aim;
May no sneer check, no hard luck maim
Lacrosse."

We can leave athletics now, and, as the shades of night advance, we grow more and more absorbed in the undergraduate literature that loads our table.

It is decidedly recreative to find a paper whose columns are free from foot-ball scores, and our longings are realized in the University Cynic, whose ostentatious terra-cotta cover shows signs of enterprise, and con-

tains the doings of the Green Mountain boys. Though the general appearance of the magazine is good, the editors seem decidedly short of news, as the following extract will show: "It is a humiliating confession for an editor to make, that an article is written solely for the purpose of filling up space; but we must acknowledge that such is the purpose of the sentences we are now penning." We have a suspicion that some other of our contemporaries, less frank than the *Cynic*, have had a touch of the same complaint.

The *Occident* makes its regular visits from "the land of the setting sun," or, more correctly, from the land of "polarized light." Though the body of the paper contains some startling statements, the cover is the only part that's really dangerous, and we would hereby warn all persons having weak eyes not to gaze on its radiance. Many (among whom is your editor), it is feared, have received permanent injury from so doing.

We had thought that hazing, in all its atrocious forms, had vanished from American college life, but, instead of that, it has only moved West. The last *Occident* reports a genuine "case": "A Senior, for some breach of duty, was captured, (not without a struggle, however,) carried to the south side of the basement, and treated to a 'ducking' under the hydrant; one side of his mustache was shaved off, and he was allowed to go free. In order to restore symmetry, Chase has had the other side shaved off." Boys will be boys, though.

The *Adelphian*, for May, brings to the front a new board of editors, and if their first number is a specimen of their work, the magazine will prove more successful than ever. The *Adelphian*, representing as it does, an institution not strictly collegiate, is to be commended, in that it far surpasses—not in quantity, but in quality—many university periodicals. The cover and typography are neat, the editorials pointed and sensible, while the value of this number is not a little enhanced by the tasteful frontispiece.

The Seniors at Swarthmore College recently gave a reception to the Sophs. It proved quite a unique affair. Aprons were given them, a gentleman and lady receiving the same color. Upon being ushered into the reception parlor, they beheld *real* soap-suds and clay pipes. O! what lovely big bubbles they blew! The prizes for the largest bubbles were awarded to ladies—strange to say.

Argus poetry is not always so short and sweet as the following:

Pretty maiden,
Like the rose,
Fragrance laden,
Sweetly grows.

On my bosom,
Sorrow free,
Tender blossom,
Bloom for me.

"Is it not a little one?"

Is it possible that the *Vassar Misc.* has forgotten us, and no longer numbers the Lrr. among her admirers?

The Yale *Lit.* has just arrived, and is more than usually interesting. "Some Phases of Summer Travel" merits, as it receives, first place. The writer shows a keen appreciation for the beauties of the Berkshire's, and, altogether, writes in a pleasing manner, at a fitting season. A sketch and a story show quite a radical change in the *Lit.*'s staid habits, — a change for the better, we deem it.

An alumnus of Dartmouth unwittingly suggests a scheme of advantage to college editors. After reading the *Dartmouth*, he writes: "I am more interested in college matters than I have been for years, and every graduate ought to have the publication. If the trustees should send each number to every graduate, it would be to the advantage of the college, even in a pecuniary sense." The editors of the *Dartmouth* modestly comment, "Let the trustees order fifteen hundred copies of the next volume of the *Dartmouth* for distribution as suggested, and let the incoming board 'divy up' with us for the advice." Now, here is something that the trustees of our College should consider at their next meeting, for it is just what is wanted to swell our numbers. How strange it was not thought of before!

The *Athenæum* is strongest in the editorial department, showing its characteristic courtesy in the first article on "College Etiquette at Games." The gist of the sentiment is contained in the following: "Remember that a visiting nine always works under disadvantage from the strangeness of the place and the crowd of fellows naturally biased in favor of the other side, and any little encouragement helps them to do better, and make the game more interesting, at least." The existence of this friendly and reciprocal appreciation of good playing is the mark that, more than anything else, redeems intercollegiate contests from the plane of professional matches.

But the midnight oil burns lower and lower; so, with a last farewell to '84, who are soon to sing together their last songs, and then prolong their *Alma Mater's* praise in widely separated spheres, we bid the world good-bye till September.

THE MEETING.

Down in the meadow's flowers,
Close by the purling rill,
Keeping his tryst for hours,
Stands he, and listens still.
Tripping over the daisies,
Borne on the softest wind,
Comes she, through meadow's mazes,
Only a tick behind.
Quick! in his ear love's prating;
Quick! kiss his cheek so brown.
* * * * *
He was a tall reed waiting;
She was a thistle down.

—*Athenæum*.

Calendar.

MAY 1ST.—First intercollegiate base-ball game. Brown *vs.* Harvard. Score, Brown, 1; Harvard, 8.

MAY 3D.—Yale *vs.* Brown. Score, Yale, 8; Brown, 3.

MAY 7TH.—Amherst *vs.* Harvard. Score, Amherst, 9; Harvard, 8..... Freshman prize speaking: Clio Hall, first prize, Halstead; second, R. Johnson; honorable mention, Robinson. Whig Hall, first prize, Lee; second prize, Livingood; honorable mention, Fitzgerald.

MAY 9TH.—Brown *vs.* Dartmouth. Score, Brown, 5; Dartmouth, 3.

MAY 10TH.—Princeton *vs.* Amherst, at Amherst. Score, Princeton, 4; Amherst, 5.....Annual class championship games: '86 won the cup, with six firsts, '84 received four, '85 three, and '87 one.....Yale *vs.* Harvard (exhibition). Score, Yale, 8; Harvard, 1.

MAY 12TH.—Princeton *vs.* Harvard, at Cambridge. After an exciting game of 13 innings, the score resulted: Princeton, 4; Harvard, 5.

MAY 13TH.—Princeton *vs.* Brown, at Providence. Score, Princeton, 5; Brown, 10.

MAY 14TH.—Dartmouth *vs.* Yale. Score, Dartmouth, 2; Yale, 6.

MAY 16TH.—Dartmouth *vs.* Princeton, at Princeton. Score, Dartmouth, 2; Princeton, 11.....Concert of Glee and Instrumental Clubs in Second Presbyterian church.

MAY 17TH.—Dartmouth *vs.* Princeton. Score, Dartmouth, 6; Princeton, 3.....Lacrosse championship game, Harvard *vs.* Princeton, resulting in one goal for Harvard and two for Princeton.....Harvard *vs.* Yale. Score, Harvard, 8; Yale, 7.

MAY 19TH.—Harvard *vs.* Amherst. Score, Harvard, 13; Amherst, 10.

MAY 21ST.—Amherst *vs.* Brown. Score, Amherst, 5; Brown, 4.....Allegheny *vs.* Princeton. Score, Allegheny, 9; Princeton, 3.....Tennis tournaments (singles). Result: First prize, Halsey, '86; second prize, Conover, '85.

MAY 23D.—Harvard *vs.* Brown. Score, Harvard, 6; Brown, 10.....Clio Hall, Sophomore Essays. First prize, J. W. McKecknie; second prize, W. A. Calhoun; honorable mention, W. S. Elder.

MAY 24TH.—Yale *vs.* Amherst. Score, Yale, 17; Amherst, 4.....Harvard *vs.* Princeton, at Princeton. Score, Harvard, 15; Princeton, 3. A. Moffat's illness and W. Moffat's injury in the fifth inning tended to cripple the home nine.....Annual gymnasium contest and exhibition. Prizes were awarded as follows: General gymnastics, E. K. Blades, '85;

light weight, R. E. Carter, '85; heavy weight, B. B. Smith, '85. Parallel bars, C. F. Parmy, '84; Indian clubs, W. L. Nassau, '84.....Intercollegiate athletic games, at Manhattan grounds. Cup won by Harvard, with five firsts and five seconds. Yale, Columbia, Princeton and University of Pennsylvania followed in order given. H. Hodge, '86, and A. G. Fell, '84, took prizes for Princeton.....Lacrosse game at New Brunswick. University of New York vs. Princeton. Score, University of New York, one goal; Princeton, five.

MAY 28TH.—Brown vs. Yale. Score, Brown, 3; Yale, 8.

MAY 30TH ("Decoration Day").—Yale vs. Princeton, in New York. Score, Yale, 16; Princeton, 3. Princeton labored under disadvantages, most of the players being compelled to occupy new positions.....Annual Passaic Regatta. Both first and second Princeton crews entered contest. The rowing of the first four was especially praiseworthy.

MAY 31ST.—Lacrosse. Princeton vs. Yale, in New Haven. Game won by Princeton—3 goals to 1—deciding the championship for Princeton.Drawings for Chapel Stage.

JUNE 2D.—Lafayette vs. Princeton. Score, Lafayette, 1; Princeton, 12.Dartmouth vs. Yale. Score, Dartmouth, 11; Yale, 12.....Mass Meeting elected officers of Athletic Association. President, Harriman, '85; Vice-President, Hardcastle, '85; Secretary, Toler, '86; Treasurer, McClellan, '86; Executive Committee, Stearns, '87.

JUNE 4TH.—Brown vs. Princeton, at Princeton. Score, Brown, 5; Princeton, 3.

JUNE 6TH.—Amherst vs. Princeton, at Princeton. Score, Amherst, 3; Princeton, 6.

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